



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

of the hotel. When, therefore, we learned that a trail had been spotted and an opening in the woods cut for a view, we determined to make the ascent. Did you ever follow a trail, Mr. Crayon? If so, you know something of the excitement of climbing for two hours alone through the unbroken forest, without any guide, but occasional notches on the trees. About a mile from the Glen House we came to *Nineteen mile Brook* (nineteen miles from somewhere probably). The brook is about six miles long. Another mile brought us to a tree, not spotted like the others, but entirely girdled; this, methought, means something. A want suggested that it might indicate a spring. A little search discovered one, whose delicious water was a refreshment for the short distance which was to be traversed before reaching the summit. There the woodman's axe had felled some noble trees to open a nobler prospect, and the rough logs and branches were piled up to shelter the artist who was here studying nature in this grand solitude.

The study of that hour was of serene beauty and repose, rather than of solemn grandeur. Though the highest eminences of the range were clustered there together, they were sleeping in a delicious rosy-tinted haze, such as is seldom seen in this northern latitude. The Great Gulf and Tuckerman's Ravine were flooded with a deeper hue, while a silver light played on the mountain torrents that poured down from the banks of snow which still lay deep in the great gorges. A fine contrast to this radiant scene was found in another direction, by looking down into the dark gloom of Carter's Notch; while, towards the north, the mountains and lakes of Maine presented a pleasing distant prospect.

As we were sitting near the artist, watching his work, a large eagle came sweeping down from the upper sky and alighted upon a dead tree near. He sat there for some minutes, pluming himself, and gazing around with the air of "I am monarch of all I survey." When informed, by a slight movement, of the presence of the true lords of creation, he took his flight deliberately, majestically, and somewhat disdainfully, we thought, leaving the lesser birds and tamer squirrels to gather about us unmolested.

Towards evening clouds began to gather upon the brow of Mt. Washington, and changed the whole aspect of the monarch to the deepest gloom. Low muttering thunder woke echoes from the sunlit peaks of Jefferson, Madison, and Adams, and threw them into purple shadow which deepened as the clouds gathered blackness, and at last swept over the whole group, shrouding them all in grey. We heard the roar of the rain torrent as it swept across the valley, threatening to drench us on our descent, for the lateness of the hour and the uncertainty of our way forbade us to wait the passing of the shower. It was well that we did not wait, for the rain continued through the night.

On arriving at the Glen House, we heard that SHATTUCK had just passed into the mountains from Gorham, with a young artist, Browns, of Portland, and that they intend sketching here for a season.

CARMINE.

BOOK NOTICES.

ON THE AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT—(Recent proposal for its revision).—By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D. D. J. S. Redfield: New York. 1858.

The author of this book is popularly known as the writer of several valuable works on language. The subject of the volume before us has excited of late a great deal of controversy; but most of the controversialists have been much more remarkable for their theological prejudices than for their philological acquirements or gifts. Dr. Trench approaches the subject with that timidity which one might expect from one of his profession addressing an English public, so jealously conservative of everything, wearing the mildew of time. We must look to the continent of Europe for a treatise on Biblical translation worthy

of the subject, and up to the advanced researches of the day. England got her Protestantism from the continent; she will also have to get her true interpretation of the Bible from the same place.

Dr. Trench, however, is very competent to deal with the subject, and no one can read this very clever volume without being both instructed and entertained. He confines himself all but exclusively to verbal criticism, and within this limited range he has pointed out a sufficiently large number of blunders in the authorized version of the Bible to warrant a thorough revision and emendation of it. He feels that this must come to pass sooner or later from the nature and extent of the agitation to which the subject has given rise. The difficulty, however, of the undertaking is in providing persons of the suitable capacity and of the right liberality of tone and temper to perform the work. Dr. Trench has no great apprehensions as to the result being favorable, if the work is properly done. He feels, however, like most Englishmen, childishly afraid of disturbing the old beaten ways of the English mind, or of turning it out of its accustomed channels, lest it unreasoning conservatism should degenerate into latitudinarian licentiousness. Yet, even through this dark dream of his, we have gleams of light much worthier a man of his learning and natural power. He thinks, perhaps, that by the fresh impulse of attention to the spirit rather than the letter of the Bible, which the English mind would receive from a rigid revision and emendation of its text, a more effective and vital faith would spring forth, and one that would work down from the mere passive assent of pious indolence to the vigorous practices of a true active Christian life.

In this we accord fully with Doctor Trench, and hope that the work will be speedily undertaken by men as competent as he is himself. The Doctor should have noticed, however that the life of a single generation is short, and that an improved translation will be as familiar to the new generation as the old was to their predecessors. Good, terse, modern English phraseology of the nineteenth century is quite as congenial to good terse piety as that of the seventeenth century, with the additional advantage of being more correct. We therefore go for a revision and emendation of the text of the Bible, but it must be the work of true artists, not tinkers.

Our friend Redfield has given this volume to the public with his accustomed typographical excellence and general correctness, and we hope the work will be read by every lover of sacred literature in the country.

THE AGE: a colloquial satire. By *Philip James Bailey*, author of *Festus*. Boston: TUCKER & FIELDS, 1858. *Author's edition*.

Here are many pungent lines, now of close didactic knitting, now of the veriest slipshod looseness. The alternation sometimes is agreeable, but a little more care of adaptation had been better. In one place we read:

All can write smoothly who can mend a pen,
The art of ushers and their little men.
To write mere verses—never mind if dull,—
Is just as easy as one's name at full.

We don't believe mere smooth writing is as easy as all that, or else a perversity to halt is but a symptom of the determined contrariness of versifiers. Our author frequently betrays himself into mere verse-making, because he finds it an easy pastime, we imagine; or else how could he spoil such a thought as

this by its third line. Facility is frequently a great weakener.

Mere atomies, whose souls, with meanness fraught,
Must soar to seize a caterpillar's thought,—
A man's, a poet's, sends you clean distraught.

A just sample of the poem can be gathered from some lines on "The Great Exhibition."

Peace-men had then their beatific vision;
And art-schools were to render earth Elysian.
But glass and iron vanished; and, it's clear,
Art education don't succeed on beer.

If popular Art you want, live in some wine land,
Whether it's France, or Italy, or Rhineland,
Which there you'll get; for touch and feeling fine
Towards gracious ends (true Art is half divine),
Asks for support a modicum of wine.

What England, as a nation, wants, is taste;
The judgment that's in due proportion placed;
We overdo, we underdo, or waste.
Look at that monstrous thing they call a statue,
On entering the old Abbey, staring at you.
Is it the genius of the British nation,
Promoted to that marble exaltation,
Dwarfing all other objects by its size?
Or is't illustrative of legal lies?

Can any one pass through Cheapside, nor feel
A pang of horror shoot from head to heel,
That caricature colossal of "Sir Peel,"
As he contemplates? "*Mais, c'est assez vile.*"
And as a proof of exquisite bad taste,
Like statues of him everywhere are placed.

With vulgar prodigality of brass
(Which costs us nothing here), our cockneys pass,
Cabbing from Hyde Park Corner to the Tower,
Their Iron Duke six times within the hour.
Lo! where the giant cockhorse on the arch,
Relentless gives the word perpetual "March!"—
Whereby is typified, in symbol witty,
The army riding roughshod o'er the city.

Again, to show something of the style and thought:

To be impressive no one need be coarse;
Think not uncouth asperity is force.
Despise the senseless jeer of "artificial,"
Art be your end, your mean, and your initial.
The art most perfect is most perfect nature;
Each work by strictest rules in form and features,
And both by laws, attain their loftiest stature.
For law comes after nature and restrains,
But still makes music in her golden chains.
True, as regards the Great Omnicose Cause,
Prior to all creation are His laws;
But as concerns the creature's comprehension,
Knowledge of fact precedes of law invention.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER, by Thomas N. Brown. Rudd & Carleton, N. Y.

Whatever relates to a man of genius—and Hugh Miller is one of the most conspicuous of his age—excites curiosity, and helps us to live better lives. If possible, we should like to get at the life and the development of Hugh Miller's character, without wading through the tedious detail of a Scottish church controversy—as puzzling as an intricate problem in geometry. We suspect the author of this book was more concerned with "the church" portion of his work than with Hugh Miller. The book, however, will repay perusal; it is beautifully printed,

and bound, as are all of the publications from Messrs. Rudd & Carleton's press.

THE PRINTER.—Henry & Huntington, Publishers. We have before us two numbers of a monthly periodical bearing the above title. The work is devoted to the interests of the Art of Printing, opening with an interesting history of that art, also with histories of Type-founding and of the Manufacture of Paper. Articles of similar character are to follow, including one upon Wood-Engraving. "The Printer" is published at One Dollar per annum. It is a beautiful specimen of typography, and specially deserving of encouragement.

Art was cradled in the sunny south; in those latitudes where man found himself in Eden—where God gave forth his revelations—where heaven itself seems to touch the earth, clothe all things in beauty, and promise all high delight. The language of the earth seemed poetry, and the work and the pastime of man broke forth into Art. The same sun which made the earth fertile in fruits, made the imagination of man florid in flowers; sunshine laughed within his heart; the blue sky overhead became the canopy to his thoughts, while he led as a shepherd his flocks to pasture in the plain, to gambol on the mountain-side, to rest beneath the shadow of a rock, or beside a shadowy stream. In the south, existence becomes art; and yet that art is nature. What wonder, then, that man should burst into song and dance—that his tongue should use itself to metaphor—that the house for his dwelling, and the temple for his worship, should be dedicated to beauty?

Between the north and the south of Europe how great is the contrast. In the south, Art is a continuance and prolongation of the daily life, in form, doubtless, more subtle and ornate, a realization, however, of life's ideal rather than its actual reversal. In the north, on the contrary, Art comes more as a reaction than as a natural function, an escape from an existence of anxious toil, a kind of fairy fancy-fashioned land in which the mind may lose its habitual consciousness, and take on a condition foreign to itself. In the south, Art is the outburst of an overflowing impulse, and the work thus warmly glowing from the artist-soul, in the minds of others arouses the same ardor. The picture receives homage in the church, becomes part of the religion, and is interwoven with the worship. In the north, on the other hand, the arts are not owned by the church—are not the ardent outburst of any national, popular, or religious impulse—and, accordingly, not indigenous to the soil; they are but petted and pampered exotics of a mere dilettante taste.

In the south, the sun which renders nature prolific, makes the imagination pictorial; but in the north, man, instead of basking in the sun, plods through the snow; intellect and energy aid him, when by imagination he must perish. The fire of fancy is of little avail when he stands in need of fuel for his body. In the south, both man and nature are intent on the making of pictures. In the north, it is the tailor which makes the man, and for all art purposes even a poet is epolit. Men, as they go about this great world—and, what is still more sad, women too—with all their adorning, are no longer pictures; the artist verily does not know what to do with them on canvas, and for their own fame with posterity it is well they should not seek perpetuity in marble. Thus do we see that the south especially, when contrasted with the north, is the cradle of Art; that Italy, wherein the arts sprung, as it were, into spontaneous birth, is the only land wherein can be now traced the laws which govern their development and accelerate their decline.—

Blackwood.